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RHYMES OF THE WORKERS

Rhymes of the Workers

OF

The First Presbyterian Church, Homestead, Pennsylvania.

By Mattie A. Burns.

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Though we're but a little leaven and
our talent only one,
E'er so little be the leaven, subtile
forces are begun.
E'en one talent with endeavor means
increase perchance tenfold.
Rippling wavelets multiplying climb
to billows uncontrolled!
Nor feeble effort are we making for
the labor may be long
But in His name and for His sake is
that which makes us strong;
For the work is earnest, real, but
the while we build for Him,
Plentiful return He makes us of our
treasure laid therein.

M. A. B.

Rhymes of the Workers.

✠

Have you heard what we are doing—
We One Hundred?
A worthy cause we represent
And all the labor that is spent,
Means: we are building a new church; that is,
We mean to aid!

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We're one hundred women busy--
Earning money!
That's the reason we are hustling
And are doing so much bustling.
And when you read these lines you'll learn;
That of work we're not afraid!

✠

We are cooking and we're baking and we're sewing—
Yes; we're sewing!
And the fact is we're so busy
That 'twill almost make you dizzy
Just to know the many things that
We're making now to sell!

If in any branch domestic you may fail—
And you may fail!
You will find that all your trouble
Flies away light as a bubble
If you merely ask assistance of the
Ones who do things well!

Is your sewing far behind? Never mind—
Never mind!
There's an adept orders taking,
Who will show her skill in making
Any product of the needle, plain or fancy
Just the same,

As she keeps us all a-going—
Yes; a-going!
Laying out our work so neatly
And she does it so completely
That there certainly is magic just in
Mrs. Henning's name!

Does your bodice need a collar—
Fancy collar?
Dainty stock or lawn turnover?
You will find yourself in clover
When you see the lovely things made by
Mrs. Neel and Mrs. D. McClure.

There are handkerchiefs so pretty—
Yes; so pretty!
So cobwebby that the spider
May be sorry 'tis denied her
Just to work along these lines, for
Miss Taylor, I am sure,

May compete with her in drawn-work—
Any drawn-work!
Handkerchiefs or linen covers.
Then all you who may be lovers
Of these things send now your order,
Be it large or be it small.

And while of handkerchiefs we're telling—
Handkerchiefs!
Laundry bags are made to hold them,
Such creations to enfold them,
By Miss Smrcek. Tub awaits them! You
Would never dream at all!

Does your pretty gown for evening
Need a girdle?
One that gives a dainty touch
That is distinctive, and just such
As will make the perfect finish to your
Costume you require.

You will draw the line in favor—
Yes; in favor,
Of a belt of beads artistic
Wrought in a design quite mystic,
We know that Mrs. Hynson makes
The girdle you desire!

Pillows? Bolsters? need new cases—
Slips or cases?
You may name them what you choose to—
Just whatever you are used to—
Pillow slips or pillow cases,
Just whatever pillows wear.

But in this case we ask attention—
Your attention!
To the fact, deft fingers flying
In and out the needle plying
Fashion work so daintily wrought, from
Mrs. Burns you'll want a pair.

And we're sewing for the wee ones—
Yes; the Wee Ones!
The little people too are sharing
In the many things for wearing
After La Mode's way, in smartest frocks
And other pretty things.

And since your int'rest is aroused—
Has been aroused!
Well; we fancy you'd be knowing
Who is at this branch of sewing.
Why of course it's Mrs. Forbes, (perhaps you've
Known it) and this brings

Us now to tell of some other things as well--
Such as skirts!
Petticoats so dainty, neat,
That your wardrobe's incomplete
If Mrs. McAnulty does not you with
These supply.

And there are so many sewing--
Yes, so many!
That we can't enumerate
All the very up-to-date
Things for wearing that are making
If we try.

But if it happen you need aprons--
Nice new aprons!
Yes; great big ones for the kitchen
In a style made most bewitchin'
Miss Black's mistress in the art, as
We all know, of making these.

Merely mentioning the kitchen--
La Cuisine!
Suddenly does set one thinking,
Causing a peculiar sinking
At the stomach, which is hunger,
So we'll opportunely seize

Upon this chance your hunger whetting—
And a-betting!
For you see it's our intention
To proceed to try to mention
Many things in the department culinary,
If not all,

Now in some process of making—
Perhaps baking!
And since all are most nutritious
And are all alike delicious,
There certainly is danger other markets
We'll forestall!

So if you eat bread and can't bake it--
Cannot? Will not!
There is bread light as a feather
And it matters not the weather,
White bread made by Mrs. Nebo, who
You'll find in this excels!

And some not so light--in color--
Merely color!
Brown bread, sweet with nutty flavor,
Which you'll all agree does savor
Of good breakfasts. Mrs. Mortimer
Does bake it, as this tells.

And there's pie too now in baking—
Apple pie !
Or any kind you ask for
You will find not thought a task for
Mrs. M. McClure to bake, whose pies
Are dainties rare !

And macaroons so crispy—
Macaroons !
A connoisseur in dainties if you please,
Miss Sarah Means is who makes these,
As shown at every festival we hold,
Bazaar or fair !

Or if you hunger for some cake and never bake—
Well, never bake!
For Mrs. R. McCaslin bakes some,
Mrs. Charles too, and so toothsome
Will you find these that you'll surely
Hunger often, yes indeed!

There are lots of other good things—
Lots of others!
Jellies, salads and confections,
Recipes too, and directions
How to make and how to bake
Many things you often need!

Do you want to make a salad—
Good corn salad?
If you let Miss M. McClure know
You will find she'll quickly show
Just how to make the best you've eaten,
You'll agree!

Also in this line of specials—
Special good things!
Potato salad appetizing,
Why it's not at all surprising
That to make it Mrs. Weaverling's
Kept busier than the bee!

And there's jelly of the finest—
Finest jelly!
Jelly that does take the biscuit—
Well, we thought we might just risk it—
Mrs. Seward Hays does make it and
We know you'll find it rare.

And of course we all eat butter—
But Lemon Butter!
That we eat when we can get it
And for not one moment let it
Be mistaken that you get it,
Just somewhere!

So we'll tell you who does make it--
Who does make it?
Mrs. C. L. Taylor is it
Makes this butter so exquisite!
Delicacy, tart and wholesome. Nothing else
You'll ever eat!

That is in butters! There are beans awaiting—
Baked beans!
Not the kind you often read of
But the kind you want to eat of,
Baked by Mrs. Harry Baker, all in
Little jars complete!

Perhaps you have a weakness for a certain kind of pie—
Pumpkin pie!
Well, there's pie that you will relish
Pumpkin pie fit to embellish
Table of the epicure! The pie that's known in
History and rhyme!

We would have you bear in mind—pumpkin pie!
Of the kind
That is made by Mrs. Huff
You can never get enough
So be sure to have her bake some while
It still is pumpkin time!

And another skilled in pastries—
Mrs. Lemmer.
She has not the slightest notion
What a very great commotion
Such good pies she bakes are making. For all
Kind is she renowned!

And some neither cook nor bake nor sew—
Yet, they're busy!
Yes; they're busy money saving
And are fashion's order waiving
And will wear old hats and bonnets
All year round!

There are yet things realistic—
And artistic.
But these are not to eat or wear
For of that you've had your share!
So we'll peep into the studio of
One or two or three.

There is work on canvas showing
Real talent.
A portrait or a decorative
Scheme in oils alike are native
To Mrs. H. L. Baker's hand. You will
Go at once and see!

When you give a little dinner and need cards—
Dinner cards!
Mrs. J. H. Williams' fingers
Create a dainty gem that lingers
Long in fancy, but you'll find a
Finished artist here as well,

Who does anything in colors—
Water colors!
Everything, the pretty maiden,
Or the branch with blossom laden,
Bits of sea, or sky, or land. All their
Charming story tell!

Do you have a special fondness for
Ceramics?
A dainty piece for cabinet
Or a handsome dinner set,
Anything in china painting that's artistic
And quite rare?

You will find that in this branch—
Branch of the fine arts!
Mrs. Risher's work is such
One cannot of it say too much
For with any royal work does it
Most favorably compare!

And there's yet another artist—
Decorative!
Not in painting but in growing
Any lovely flower a-blowing,
Blooming, Blossoming in Spring
Or good old Summertime!

Then if you'd like the choicest, growing—
Blooming, blowing!
For the cares of one to lighten,
For what like flowers can brighten?
Mrs. Peterson's flower garden yields the
Sweetest in this clime!

And à propos of flowers—
There are sunflowers!
Bright and radiantly gleaming,
In a blaze of glory beaming,
By Miss Bryson were they gathered, in a
Great big bunch of ten!

Ten of the One Hundred Workers—
Never shirkers!
You'll find nothing more unique
Than the Sunflower Social, seek
Where you will. And we hope the
Sunflowers entertain again!

And there are some other people—
Social people
With such a feast did us surprise
Musical and otherwise!
Mrs. Duncan and her aids
We entreat shall feast us more!

Strange how does one's mind revert to—
And convert too—
Just the slightest chance we meet
To talk of something good to eat,
But you see there are still others who do
Keep a bakery store!

Everything that's baked they're baking—
Baked of flour!
Gingerbread, and doughnuts savory,
Cake, and custard pie so flavory;
Mrs. Blazier and nine others all these
Good things bake for you.

Now we hope that you'll find something—
To your taste!
But your appetite not diminish
Not until these rhymes we finish,
For there yet remain some people who are
Interested too!

Mrs. Means and Mrs. Norris, Miss Andress
And Mrs. Young,
Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Hight and Mrs. Gillen,
It may be these are not willin'
We should know just what they're doing, but
We very plainly see

Their left hand knows not of the right—
Nor what it does!
And it's not the very oddest,
Miss Hirth and more are just as modest!
Mesdames Ebberts, Ward and West,
McCreery, Kennedy.

There are four-and-twenty others—
More or less!
Who are equally concerned
And though we've tried we haven't learned
What they are doing either, but who some are
We'll try to tell.

Mesdames Rhodes, Orr, Hood, Menke,
Rowse,
Wolfe and Barnes and Wisener,
Jacobs, Morton, Hoover, Power,
Mrs. Francis and some more! There are so
Many doing well!

Miss Robinson and Mrs. Brockie,
Mrs. Davis,
Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Omans, Mrs. Payne,
Mrs. Kerruish and may be others, but it's plain,
Though names may come and names may go
We can't go on forever!

Altogether we're a unit that is power—
We One Hundred,
If energies we concentrate.
And this labor consecrate,
As being noble work, as well as
Work that's clever.

L. of C.

But we hope since we all know—
Just what we're doing!
We'll be so inclined to labor
That we'll not permit our neighbor
To excel us earning money for this purpose
Good and true.

And the sum of all this rhyming—
We've been timing,
Is: we're simply interchanging
Household duties, and arranging
Daily cares, material things, that best results
For us ensue.

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